



Dedicated to the interests of Carmel home-owner and the welfare of business men and women of the village.

Vol. I. No. 4.

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1934

5 cents

First Reading Of License Ordinance

First reading of the proposed business license ordinance was heard and approved by a three to two vote at the regular meeting of the City Council Wednesday night.

The session was a stormy one, various orators assailing and defending provisions of the ordinance. The clause evoking most discussion was that requiring a deposit of \$100 for all new businesses started in Carmel and from those which have not been in existence for one year on July 31, 1934.

Following several hours of pro and con talk a vote was taken. Councilmen Kellogg, Heron and Jordan voted to pass the ordinance; Mayor Catlin and Councilman Norton voted against it.

The ordinance will have its second reading at the next Council meeting.

New Councilmen, elected to fill vacancies at Monday's election, will not have a chance to vote on the measure as they do not take office until April 16th.

When you vote for Thoburn, Neikirk and Rowntree, you vote for Carmel's best interests.

Vote for the new city hall. It will not cost you a cent.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

By reason of the great amount of reading text incidental to the approaching Council election, we have been forced to omit considerable advertising. Yours for better service next week.

ITEMS NO OTHER PAPERS DARE PRINT

NO. 4

To all interested in serving only PURE foods: Did you know that exhaustive tests by experts have shown that there are many inferior fish products on the market? Did you know that a Monterey Peninsula product, Hovden Food Products Corporation's sardine pack, is given the highest rating of any American sardine? And that it is the only sardine recommended by the American Medical Association?

Council Election Next Monday

On Monday, April 9th, voters of Carmel will go to the polls to elect three candidates to fill vacancies on the City Council and to vote on the proposed city hall bond issue.

It is the duty of every citizen to vote.

THE CARMEL COTTAGER advises all who have the best interests of Carmel at heart to support Candidates Thoburn, Neikirk and Rowntree.

THE CARMEL COTTAGER advises all who have the best interests of Carmel at heart to vote "yes" on the city hall bond issue.

EDITORIAL COMMENT ON COUNCIL CANDIDATES and the ELECTION WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 4.

"The Good Fairy"

A well pleased crowd saw the first performance of Molnar's "The Good Fairy" at the Community Playhouse Thursday night.

No modern playwright has

written more brilliant dialogue than Ferenc Molnar. "The Good Fairy," though perhaps not his best comedy, is entertaining sparkling, mirth-provoking. Its staging offers difficulties—a continental atmosphere must be imparted to it if the rather broad lines are to fall lightly on the average ear; actors must be restrained, through proper direction, from turning the piece into a farce.

That the Community Players succeeded in overcoming these difficulties was attested by the audience's response. They chuckled, they laughed, they applauded. The male players looked and acted like Viennese gentlemen, not like Carmel business men. Peggy Converse did a fine piece of work in a difficult role—one that might easily have been overdone; Marjorie Collis makes a hit as the love-smitten secretary.

I think much credit is due Fred-eric Burt. The mark of his direction is on every scene. And this is not to dim the spotlight on Helen Ware, credited on the program as director. She was forced to be absent from many rehearsals. No doubt many of the effects were her ideas. But Mr. Burt has a touch, a way with actors, an ability to secure cooperation, that Miss Ware hasn't.

I recommend it.

—J. O.

Tax-Free City Hall for Carmel

In order to clarify the situation relating to the proposition to construct a city hall for Carmel-by-the-Sea, a representative of THE CARMEL COTTAGER interviewed City Attorney Argyll Campbell, and the exclusive interview, which was by question and answer, follows:

Question: Is it an absolute necessity for Carmel to have a city hall?

Answer. No, for Carmel has now a city hall, such as it is.

Question. But isn't the present city hall owned by a private individual?

Answer. Yes, as is pretty well known, the city rents its present city hall, and in fact has rented a city hall since its incorporation in 1916. For seventeen years the city has paid rent for a city hall and has nothing but a bundle of receipts to show for it.

Question. Will you give some reasons in support of the proposition to acquire a city hall at the present time?

Answer. To begin with the city has now the opportunity of securing a grant from the Public Works Administration of thirty per cent of the entire cost of labor and material used in the construction of the building. If the total cost of the building should amount to fifty thousand dollars, the government grant would amount to fifteen thousand dollars, leaving thirty-five thousand dollars of the cost to be met by the city. The Council, of course, could construct a city hall for less money under the proposition to be submitted to the voters, but could not expend more than that amount.

Question. Could the proposed city hall be constructed and paid

for without taxing the people more than they are paying to the city in taxes at the present time?

Answer. Yes, it is not only possible but entirely practicable to obtain a city hall now without additional municipal taxation.

Question. Will you explain in detail how this can be done?

Answer. The city now pays out monthly for rental of the city hall and fire house the sum of \$115, or \$1,380 a year. This money can be applied to pay principal and interest on the city hall bonds, if authorized. The average interest annually on a thirty-five thousand dollar bond issue of serial bonds, covering a period of twenty-five years, would be approximately \$787, or an average of \$2,167 to be paid off annually on both principal and interest under the set-up I have suggested. After applying the present rent money toward this last total, a balance of \$787 would remain to be met from other sources. This could be paid either out of the general fund, or a tax equal to the sand dunes tax could be levied to meet it. In fact it would require even less than the sand dunes tax to do so. Assuming that there are three sand dunes bonds still to be paid off during the next three years of one thousand dollars each, with interest at five per cent, it would be practicable to defer the maturities of the city hall bonds for the first three years, and then by levying a tax less than the present sand dunes bond tax, an amount would be raised which, with the present rent money, would be enough to pay off the principal, and interest on the proposed city hall bonds without the tax payers of Carmel being asked to pay out more in taxes than they are doing at the present time.

Question. Will you sum up the arguments for the bonds in a few words?

Answer. The present city hall is inadequate, is a fire hazard, and the city records are in constant jeopardy; a city hall can be built, both artistic and safe, with government aid (which probably can never be had again), without taxing the people an additional pen-

ny; work will be provided, which is now badly needed, for local architects, contractors, laboring men, and materialmen. It is a chance which will not soon come again, if ever.

Stabat Mater Pleases

By IRENE CATOR

Those of us who had the privilege of hearing Carmel's first presentation of Rossini's glorious Stabat Mater did not merely enjoy a commendable performance. Rather, we left the Sunset School Auditorium last Thursday night feeling that we had had an experience, which, in retrospect, stands forth as an uplifting, hallowed inspiration; soul satisfying,—helpful toward keeping "in tune with the infinite!"

The opening number for orchestra, "Good Friday Spell," from Wagner's "Parsifal" was played with smoothness, artistic shading and dignity—or, might I say, reverence—a credit to Michel Penha, the conductor.

Fenton Foster, who has for years given of his time and ability unsparingly and unselfishly to the musical life of this community accomplished results with the difficult, complicated choral parts of the Stabat Mater which amply merited the spontaneous, whole-hearted ovation received. At the close of the program Mr. Penha graciously brought Mr. Foster forward to share the acclaim.

The vocal solos in the Stabat Mater are such as to severely test the finest vocalists, this being true even when sung in Latin. When, as in this performance, English words are used, the test on the voice is even greater.

All four solo parts necessitate an exceedingly large range, exceptionally good breath control and dramatic power.

The soloists, Marie Wallman, Calista Rogers, G. Marston Had-dock and Henri Schefoff generously donated their talents to this production. Their voices blended beautifully.

The rich, sonorous tones of Mr. Schefoff, Basso Cantante, were heard to excellent advantage in

his solo with orchestral accompaniment "Through the Darkness."

The brilliant, ecstatic "Inflammatus," Miss Wallman's solo, accompanied by chorus and orchestra, was presented at a slightly faster tempo, possibly because of the English words being more joyous—not a literal translation from the Latin.

All in all, it is to be hoped that such a production will be a yearly event. Congratulations Mr. Penha, Mr. Foster, vocal soloists, members of the chorus and orchestra and Carmel Music Society.

Carmel Cooperatives Organized

Forming a co-operative society modeled along the lines of similar units in Southern California, a group of Carmel artists, writers, actors, musicians and professional men and women known as the Carmel Co-Operatives announced today that membership is open to anyone on the Monterey Peninsula.

The object of the association is the co-operative marketing of their various talents, the proceeds of which will purchase necessities for the entire membership. The Federal government has sponsored many of these groups and the benefit to the community is shown wherever they have been formed. Additional information may be had from the Secretary, Box 844, Carmel, California.

All Saints Organ Recital

The annual organ recital of All Saints Church in Carmel will be given Sunday evening, April 8th, at 7:30. Edward Cadoret Hopkins, of Monterey, will play.

Mr. Hopkins is one of the foremost organists of California, having been choirmaster and organist of churches in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Redlands. The All Saints vested choir will sing the vesper service. As this church has the largest pipe organ on the peninsula and the only one in Carmel a large gathering of music lovers is expected for the recital.

He who advocates public reform would do well to remember that he who rides a tiger dares not dismount.—Chinese Proverb.

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LACE**

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Breakfast

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JUST KIDDING

The Semi-Serious Musings of "S. A. R."

TO CONTINUE with the passing around of the flowers, cut short week before last by limitation of space. We have a gardenia for Paul Prince, secretary of the Carmel Development Company. Calm and serene always, full of truth and kindly feeling toward his fellow men, P. P. is an outstanding figure in this village of ours. Never have we met a man more honest or unassuming. Forbidden from entering politics by reason of his connection with the land company, such a situation is Carmel's loss. It may surprise some of our readers to learn that the unassuming Mr. Prince is the holder of a Congressional Medal of Honor, the Victoria Cross of our armed forces, won by personal bravery and gallantry while serving as a commissioned officer of the Coast Guard during the Spanish-American War. There was a hot landing at Cienfuegos, Cuba, and Paul did more than his bit under a withering cross-fire from machine-guns of the Dons. There's no use asking him for particulars. He won't talk.

FROM our bouquet we select a flower for Henry Dickinson, builder of a mansion on Carmel Point. Ex-attorney, capitalist, hunter of big game, patron of the Fine Arts, Henry lives the life of Riley and underwrites the fetching of great musical artists to our town. A genial smile, a handshake for everyone, Henry enjoys nothing better than gathering a group of cronies at his house, and recounting to them his *safari* in Africa. We never have been in his house, but we presume Henry has photographs of himself, sun-helmet on head, express rifle in hand, one foot on the neck of the dead lioness his bearers kept from chewing him up. Many rugs and skins and horns has Henry. What flower shall we hand him? Here is—a dandy-lion!

NATURALLY, after dealing with Henry, our thoughts turn to the Misses Denny and Watrous, two enterprising young women who fetch all sorts of attractions to the theaters they've managed and the Gallery they now conduct. They've sponsored great musicians and singers—and small ones who have given off sour notes. Tap and Spanish dancers have jigged and pirouetted at their command. Lectures and art exhibitions have come and gone. Phys'cal culturists, players of flute and samisen, harpists and cellists and blowers of the humble ocolo, have been presented by these Corse Paytonish ladies at 10-20-30 prices—and some times at two dollars per chair. One never knows what will come next to the Gallery. May we suggest the captive whale, as recently shown on a flat-car in Monterey? He'd cut down seating capacity of course, but likely the spectators will be content to work in around, and out. But joking aside, we of Carmel with a craving for variety, a yen for escape, owe much to Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous. What flowers? To each a spray of purplish-pink Xylothermia.

A-BOUGH of lilacs for John Roscelli, our garbage collector. You can set your watch by his prompt arrivals, the gentle banging of your can, the soft rumble of his motor as he slips away into the gray dawn, and you slip back into sleep. Seen picking up trash and bundles of offal from the roadside—stopping his car for the purpose—John was asked, "You're not paid for that. Why do you trouble?" And John answers, "Not so much trouble. What the hell I care if I lose five minutes' time. I like for keep Carmel clean." So here's a toast to you, John! Pledged in legal and ruby-red wine—much like the Grignolino of your own fair North Italy.

THEN there's the ex-judge of a superior court—our one remaining friend. Should we even so much as mention his name we'll be friendless. A flower to him.

A BUNDLE OF BOOKS

THE SAGA OF THE COMSTOCK LODGE. By GEORGE D. LYMAN. *Charles Scribner's Sons*, \$3.50.

Drama and authentic history combined. Fine treatment of Mark Twain's *Enterprise* venture; of the bonanza kings—Flood, Fair, Mackay, O'Brien; of Adolph Sutro and his tunnel; of that buxom Mormon woman, Eilly Orrum, who ran a boarding house and staked Comstock, of Marcus Daly, Lucky Baldwin and Sandy Bowers. By all means read it if you are interested in Western history.

* * * * *

WOMAN OF SPAIN. By SCOTT O'DELL. *Houghton, Mifflin Co.*, \$2. A story of the mission days of San Francisco. Good.

* * * * *

TIMBER LINE. By GENE FOWLER. *Covici-Friede*, \$3.

The story of Frederick G. Bonfils and H. H. Tammen, founders of *The Denver Post*, the West's big scandal sheet. Somewhat prosy but interesting history of these intrepid and not too scrupulous entrepreneurs. Starting with no experience in the newspaper game they built up a circulation greater than any paper between Chicago and the West Coast—red headlines and yellow journalism.

* * * * *

THE MENACE OF JAPAN. By T. O'CONROY. *H. C. Kinsey & Co.* \$3. Ammunition for "yellow peril" alarmists. The Hearst papers should welcome it with loud cheers. Perhaps we will yet have the pleasure of reading that the Japs have landed and burned Los Angeles—if we may believe Mr. O'Conroy.

Just What Would You Do, if a Fire Broke Out in Your Home at 2 a. m.

A fire at any time is horrible experience, but to be aroused in the dead of the night by the cry of fire and the crackle of flames—is terrifying.

More than a thousand homes are completely destroyed and 41 precious lives snuffed out by fire each day in our country.

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THE Carmel Cottager

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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An Apology to Mr. Howard

Mr. Howard, we did you wrong. Based on incorrect information we stated last week that the resignation of the sanitary board was sent directly to Sacramento "for reasons which may be imagined." Inasmuch as City Attorney Campbell has pointed out to us that the only legal and possible way of effecting this desertion of the sewer ship was via Sacramento, we ask your pardon—also that of the other members of your crew.

We do not condone however, your peevish—if not cowardly action in resigning to anybody. It is the consensus of opinion in the village, that such an act, after the electorate of the district had expressed their confidence in you and your fellow members, was, to put it mildly, childish and petty. The voters said in substance. "You are fine men. We do not question your honesty or sincerity of purpose. But we don't feel that we can afford at this time such a big outlay, and do not believe it will be enforced upon us. We return you to office. Carry on."

You are a candidate of "The Committee of Forty," (12) for our City Council. In the event of your election, and in case an issue arises wherein you find yourself on the minority side of the vote, we ask: "Will your choler arise? Will you resign, and again desert the ship?"

—S. A. R.

Clair Foster and His Twelve Apostles

Again I depart from the editorial "we" because I happen to know all about the Committee of Forty. In the days of the formation

of this body I had after protracted labor pains given birth to *The Carmelite*. The Cheney Plan threatened to destroy the simplicity of our fair village. A mass meeting was held. Organized opposition seemed necessary, whereupon this committee was formed. Inasmuch as no aid could be expected from Mr. Newberry and his *Pine Cone*, I was approached and a ticket was formed, touted, and elected by a sweeping vote. I gagged a little about accepting Clair Foster's pet candidate, Ross Bonham, but took the Colonel's word for it that Bonham would be true to Carmel. He was made Mayor.

Ross Bonham was the worst Mayor Carmel has ever had!

I say this advisedly, because nearly every pre-election promise of Bonham's was violated. One of his outstanding outrages was the matter of the oil station on San Carlos street. An enormous petition, one of the largest ever filed in Carmel, was sent to the Council against the establishment of the filling station. Almost every thinking man and woman in Carmel signed it. Two commercially minded members of the board voted for the station. George Wood and Mrs. Rockwell voted to sustain the petition. The deciding vote was left to the hardware man, the Mayor of Clair Foster's choosing. He dropped his eyes and wet his dry lips. He was ashamed of himself. And then he voted for the station.

Why? Simply because it was to favor his friend and backer, Capitalist Merrill of Pebble Beach, the man who bought out the Holman store in Carmel, of which Ross Bonham was manager—this, to qualify Bonham for the candidacy, to sarsaparilla the castor oil about to be forced on an unsus-

pecting electorate.

The point I would make is this: turn.

Here was a man of Clair Foster's selection. And as long as Sunset School stands and its children head for Ocean Avenue, the Bonham-Merrill filling station and ever met. But his mischievous in-buildings will menace their lives and limbs. Bonham was true to his friend—credit him at least with that—but he failed most ignobly in his duty toward those who had trusted him. I am ashamed of having supported him with my *Carmelite*. The Colonel should be ashamed of him.

Now we are confronted again with two candidates of Clair's choosing: Mr. F. P. Howard, irascible of temper when differed with, corporation minded, dictatorial perhaps because of stored wealth and a surfeit of power enjoyed for many years; and Joseph Burge, my hot-headed friend, this wild bronco from Texas roped and branded by the Committee of Forty, (12).

There never were forty members of this more or less mythical committee. There may have been two dozen of them at the start. Death and insanity and absenteeism have decimated their ranks, until at the present moment their roll-call may be scribbled on a cigarette paper. Clair Foster, my friend and benefactor; Harry Turner, copper magnate of Montana, inhabiting San Antonio street near the entrance to the 17-Mile Drive, were and are the leading spirits of the Committee of Forty. Neither of them live here all the year around, vote here, or give a damn what happens to Carmel, as long as their personal toes are not trodden. I've never seen "Copper King" Harry at a council meeting. Maybe in four years' time Clair Foster has attended two meetings of our Council. He prides himself that he loves a fight. Perhaps, in his Vancouver Island hunting lodge he reads the *Pine Cone*, and goes out to the place where they hang the Sears-Roebuck catalogues and Brother Bunch's *Carmel Sun*. Then, with consummate glee, he retrieves the latter and reads part of it and chuckles over what emery powder he can throw into the bearings

of Carmel machinery on his re-

turn.

Don't mistake my meaning. Clair Foster wouldn't harm Carmel or its traditions for a million. He's one of the finest chaps I've ever met. But his mischievous inclinations and poor political judgment are, in my opinion at the present moment, a menace to our town. Burge is a joke. Howard is a punctured dirigible. They both bear the brand of "40", which should be "12." Here they are: Clair Foster, rich and retired; Harry Turner, millionaire when copper and silver go up again; Kent Clark, big-shot of the hotels; Leslie Doulton, (you should see the solid silver in his house, yet, like Rockefeller he can't eat a steak); Alfred Wheldon, one-time barber from Pasadena, who struck it rich; Billy Silva, grouch and water-colorist, who after winning second prize at an exhibition, induced me to leave out of my *Carmelite* the word second; F. P. Howard, late member of the district sanitary board. There's a Denver doctor, I've forgotten his name; and there's a San Francisco bond-and-stock man who uses highly embossed stationery. They see Carmel once in a while. And there were Mr. Rockwell and Siwart Smith, both, let us hope, gone to Heaven. Such is the "Committee of Forty."

Clair Foster and his twelve apostles—all of them comparatively rich, nine of them tighter than a bull's eye in fly time. I ask you in all sincerity: Shall two or three rich men rule Carmel and tell us where to head in?

Or are we headed for the last roundup?

Personally, win or lose, I'm for the Three Musketeers: Thoburn, Rowntree, and Neikirk.

—S. A. R.

A New City Hall

It is inconceivable, if after reading the authoritative article of City Attorney Campbell which appears on another page, that any disinterested and fair-minded Carmelite should vote against a bond issue for a new city hall. For it

(Continued on page 7)

STAGE and SCREEN

THIS WEEK

CARMEL COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE (Stage Productions)

APRIL 6-7.—Carmel Community Players present "The Good Fairy," by Ferenc Molnar, 8:30 p. m.

CARMEL THEATRE (Talking Pictures)

APRIL 6.—Robert Montgomery in "Fugitive Lovers"; also "The Mad Game."

APRIL 7.—Ginger Rogers in "Raft-er Romance"; also "Devil Tiger."

APRIL 8-9.—Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night."

APRIL 10—"Hold That Girl" and "You Can't Buy Everything."

APRIL 11-12.—Kay Francis in "Mandalay."

"THE GOOD FAIRY" AT PLAYHOUSE

Our dramatic critic's review of the current attraction at the Carmel Community Playhouse, Molnar's "The Good Fairy," presented for the first time last night, will be found on page 1.

The run of the play will continue tonight and Saturday night, with curtain at 8:30 p. m. Tickets may be bought at Staniford's Drug Store.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Gossip along the rialto has it that the Carmel Community Players have made a move in the direction of foreign conquests by entering into negotiations with the management of the Monterey Theatre (now dark). Our informants are not sure as to what would be produced there, or when. It is probable that this play group will be looking for another house soon (whether there be anything to this Monterey rumor or not), since the lease on the Community Playhouse has not been renewed.

Over four hundred peninsula families have registered for family

rate privileges for Edward Kuster productions, thus assuring that producer of support for a summer season of plays. To those not familiar with this plan it may be interesting to know something about it.

Any family may register, thus obtaining the privilege of buying tickets for members of the household and out-of-town guests at reduced prices. The first ticket bought by a registered patron costs him full price, the second, three-fourth of the full price, the third, and all additional tickets, one-half the regular price. For example, a family of five can see the show from dollar seats for \$3.25, or a saving of \$1.75 on the evening's entertainment. The producer will welcome registrations. They should be sent to Mrs. M. V. B. McAdam, secretary.

GOLDEN BOUGH PLAYERS HOLD REHEARSAL

The Golden Bough Players, under direction of Edward Kuster, are busy with rehearsals of two one-act plays for presentation in the concourse of plays to be given under auspices of the Northern California Drama Association in San Francisco during the latter part of April. Twenty-four play groups, presenting 28 plays, are taking part. The Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Recreation Committee of the City and County of San Francisco are sponsoring the presentations.

The Golden Bough Players have chosen "Fritzchen," by Hermann Sudermann, and "The Mother of Gregory," by Maurice Brown.

The first, a play of the nineties, has never been produced in the West. Included in the cast are Betty Meyers and Berkin Hanley, of San Francisco; Charles Kilian, of Pacific Grove; Evert Sholund, of Monterey; Charlotte Lawrence and Edward Kuster, of Carmel.

"The Mother of Gregory" will

be remembered by some as the opening play for the Golden Bough players in Carmel ten years ago. The cast includes Georgia Wapple, of Hollister, Evert Sholund, Betty Meyers and Edward Kuster.

The The Green Room of the Carmel Community Playhouse is to be refitted and refurbished this spring, according to the owner, Edward Kuster. It will be used for the School of Speech and for new play try-outs. The proscenium will be restored, making the stage suitable for presentations.

PICTURES AT THE CARMEL THEATRE

"Fugitive Lovers" and "The Mad Game," are scheduled as the double bill for tonight. In the first there is a lot of excitement on an overland bus. Much better than average movie fare. "The Mad Game" introduces scrambled beer barons and kidnappers. There is good acting in it, but it's not for the Kinder.

"Raft-er Romance" (Saturday) has an omelet of a plot, but it's good fun. The shapely Miss Rogers (and I have seen none shapelier) is improving in her acting. You may get a kick out of it and if you don't you'll be jarred and thrilled by the second offering, "Devil Tiger." Harrowing Malay jungle experiences with swell shots of fierce beasts locked in deadly combat. They look real, too.

Sunday and Monday the big-eared Mr. Gable and the vivacious Miss Colbert turn in two fine performances in "It Happened One

Night." The plot is improbable but entertaining. The best bet of the week.

May Robson, all dressed up like Hetty Green, the famous New York miseress, is the lead in "You Can't Buy Everything" (Tuesday). The second dish on the menu ("Hold That Girl") I have been unable to sample.

"Mandalay" (Wednesday and Thursday), shows Kay Francis going wrong in the Orient and the Warner Brothers going wrong in Hollywood. Let it pass. —J. O.

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Two Aspirin Tablets

A SHORT, SHORT STORY

By NORA BOYD

The Golden Dragon cabaret is in Hollywood but not of it. A few of those who claw a living from the edges of the picture industry sometimes go there but no glittering motors of stars and directors stop before its gilded door. Its patronage is drawn largely from sporting and racketeering circles and anything at all is likely to happen there.

Ruby LeMair, nee Ruby Gooch, liked the Golden Dragon. To her its gaudy interior was the last word in luxury, its "hot" orchestra the finest music, its habitués a "swell crowd." Ed, Ruby's boy friend, a minor racket prince, also liked the place. They never let a Saturday night pass without spending a few hours in its din.

But this Saturday night Ruby was not enjoying herself. The blare of saxophones grated on her nerves; the smoky air hurt her throat. That afternoon she and Ed had had their first real quarrel and he struck her. Struck her in the face with his open hand after taunting her about how he had fooled and betrayed her.

As she sat at their favorite table, just off the dancing space, she watched him eating chow mein; watched the veins in his forehead swell and the sweat roll down the florid face and loathing rose within her. What a beast he was! The gin she drank only made her more morose. He had dared to taunt her on her gullibility. Laughed at the ruse he had employed to take advantage of her.

Six months ago that had been. They were returning from a beach resort late at night. Ruby complained of a headache. Ed said that he would get something for it and stopped in front of a drug store.

"Here's a aspirin tablet, baby," he had said, handing her a white pill and a cup of water.

Unsuspecting, she swallowed it. When she awoke next morning she was in his apartment. She would never forgive him for that. Some day she would get even.

Ed finished his chow mein, spooning the last of the sauce into his mouth noisily, then drained a tall glass of gin and gingerale.

"Let's dance," he said, pushing back his chair. It was a command, not an invitation.

"Oh, Ed," said Ruby wearily. "The air's so bad in here. Can't we go somewhere else?"

"Go somewhere's else?" Ed's voice was scornful. "After I've paid four bucks cover charge? Not much. What's the matter with you?"

"I-I guess I don't feel so well. I—"

"Take a drink, baby, and you'll feel better. Come on, that music's hot."

Ed was not a good dancer. He held her close to him; his breath, redolent of gin and garlic, nauseated her.

"Get some pep," he growled. "What are you so dead about?"

Ruby did not answer. She was glad when the music stopped but Ed was sore, burned up.

"What d'you think I'm bringin' you out for?" he said, flopping into his chair and pouring himself another drink. "You're about as entertainin' as a wooden dummy."

"Oh, Ed, please," she cried. "I've a headache."

"Headache, eh?" he sneered. "Well, you give me a headache. I think I'll get me a aspirin. You want one?"

"No," said Ruby, almost hysterically. "You know I never take the stuff."

Ed laughed. "I know one aspirin you took, baby."

The brute, to bring that up again! She bit her lip to keep from screaming. How she hated him at that moment.

"Yea, baby," he chuckled, "you sure took one of 'em O. K." He beckoned to the waiter. "Here, boy, get me a aspirin tablet."

Those at the next table saw Ruby fumble in the handbag in her lap, saw her jerk something from it and extend it toward her

companion. Some heard her tense, low cry:

"There's your aspirin tablet!"

Then the sharp bark of the automatic threw the place into a panic.

Second thoughts are best. God created man; woman was the after-thought. —Proverb.

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(Continued from Page 4)

won't raise the tax rate by so much as a penny. In other words: *it's free!* And more than that, it means approximately that seventy per cent of the cost of the building will be expended locally for labor and material. Carmel rock! Carmel labor! Work for many weeks for Carmel masons and plumbers; Carmel carpenters and laborers. Pick and shovel men, plasterers and electricians, rejoice!

The writer had his doubts as to figures. How can one get something free? So he went to the person best qualified to write on that subject, and on another page will be found the exclusive report of his interview. Read it and digest it. **THEN GO TO THE POLLS NEXT MONDAY AND VOTE FOR IT.**

Many sites are mentioned. City-owned property such as the Park on Block 69 has been suggested. Such a location will be opposed by many—how many, it remains to be seen. It has been pointed out that an artistic and adequate building may be erected at the rear of the park, not to occupy more than one-third of its area. Suggestions for closing Sixth street have been made. City property at the foot of Ocean avenue is out of the question provided a fire-house be included under the one roof, and to the latter proposal a few of the fire laddies object. Why?

Let us vote for the bond issue first. *It needs a two-third vote, don't forget.* Then, the measure passed, why not a duly advertised mass meeting in the auditorium at Sunset School, giving each citizen a voice in the matter. A firm chairman with a knowledge of Parliamentary proceedings, per-

haps a neutral from Monterey, (in no sense a eunuch) a three-minute rule, a brief preliminary survey and report on tentative sites, their area and price—and then a vote on the various offers. Even though a dozen sites were mentioned, it would be possible in the course of two or three hour session, to sense the wishes of the public at large.

Let us not quarrel over the site. Get the issue through first, and then like civilized and sane humans, gather in a body and determine what the majority wills.

Treat this matter very seriously, dear friends and neighbors. For it means so much to the unemployed and needy in our midst. May we not in the interest of merchant and laborer and artisan, bury all hatchets beneath the corner-stone of the new building which shall some day arise?

Picture it! Ivy will cling to its walls of Carmel stone. Children will play on its lawn innocent of KEEP OFF signs. Song birds will hop along its gutters gargoyle maybe by Jo Mora. Murals and decorative panels contributed by leading Carmel artists will brighten the interior and be their monument through the coming de-

cadec. The possibilities are beautiful, boundless.

Let's have it now!

—S. A. R.

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Talk of The Town

By MYRTA MARLOW

Word comes from out of the North that Pat Monteagle has landed a job as a professional actress. Mamma Monteagle probably had a lot to do with it by winning the director's sympathy with her "nine-hundred-dollar laundry bill" story. . . A capon is a thing that would have been a rooster if it had had sense enough to fly. . . Also: Great yolks from little leghorns grow.

"I'm a better actor than a doctor," piped a well known surgeon when he was introduced to a stranger on the corner of Ocean and San Carlos a few days ago. Don't like to slam your profession, Doc, but your the lousiest actor that ever sneered across foot-lights. . . Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hyde are back in town after a four-week's vacation in Arizona. Welcome! You're the kind of people we always like to see come home. . . Re-statement: Charles Sayers the village optimist says:

"To hell with the depression."

Who is the long drink of water with the aristocratic pan and the shorts who ran around town all last week? . . . Was that Clark Gable I saw running on the beach yesterday or was it only Bob "Sparks" Smith? . . . Milton Lathan likes oysters and champagne. . . Judge Wood would make a swell tobacco chewer.

Ross "Pigs" Kiester has red hair and a black beard. . . Mrs. H. L. Watson has recovered from the hives. . . There's a society editor on this paper but she never shows up.

Saw Mrs. C. M. Sayers on Ocean avenue with a huge bandage over one eye. I'll bet somebody's knuckles are all skinned. Or was it another doorknob? These door-knobs take an awful beating. . . The red-headed barber had a son who was a little shaver. He also had a daughter but he couldn't razor. (Heh! Heh!). . . Ex-

mayor Ross Bonham used to be a dancing teacher. Can you imagine? Where's the beret, Rossie? . . . Cecily Cunha, the swimmer, is in town again.

the money from some other source —most probably by increasing our taxes?

VOTER AND TAXPAYER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The writer of the letter published above has not seen fit to sign his name but the question brought up is timely and we are glad to publish it. Since this and other questions on the city hall bond issue are answered in an interview with City Attorney Campbell, published elsewhere in this number, no answer will be made in the "Bouquets & Brickbats" column).

Bouquets & Brickbats

Editor

THE CARMEL COTTAGER:

In Mayor Catlin's article "A New City Hall for Carmel," he stated that the amount now being applied on the sand dune bonds, which he says is about \$1250 yearly, could be used to help retire the proposed city hall bond issue.

I am informed that the sand dune bonds have not been retired—that the city of Carmel is still paying them off—and that therefore the amount mentioned by Mr. Catlin cannot be used for this purpose, i. e. for amortization of the city hall bonds.

Will this not change the situation as discussed by your contributor? If that sum is not available, will it not be necessary to raise

Editor

THE CARMEL COTTAGER:

I like your new paper but I want some funnies, please.

WALTER STEPHENS,
Route 2,

Saratoga, Calif.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: What, no funnies? Haven't we had Herb Cerwin and Fred Buck in it?)

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Carmel Happenings

BY BEVERLY TAIT

Easter holidays had a grand start. Sunday a picnic at Big Sur kept quite a few busy—some went to church, too. Monday the beach attracted many of the younger set. It was a swell day and the water was fine.

Tuesday again saw large crowds covering the water front. The event of the day was George Graft's swim to the rocks, with all the beach crowd as audience.

Wednesday the Bali Room of Hotel Del Monte was the gathering place of the young dancing set. Among Carmelites enjoying Ed Fitzpatrick's music were: Misses Natalie Frank, Cynthia Barrack, Nancy Cocke, Jean Leidig, Jane Hooper, Patty Johnson, Beverly and Joan Tait, Barbara and Betty Joyce, Jean and Nancy Thompson. Messrs. Stuart Marble, Bill Staniford, Laddie Hyde, Spec Watson, Gordie and Johnny Campbell, John and Carl von Salzer, Ray Draper, Bert Comstock, Dale and Ted Leidig, Ross Burton and Bud Todd. John Rockwell arrived in town (a little late) to spend the holidays.

The Bali Room received attention again on Thursday. Gordie Campbell gave a party at his home in Scenic Drive.

And a large crowd journeyed to the Del Monte for dancing again Friday night. Saturday was largely a day of beach parties.

Sunday most of the social set attended Easter services and then began the exodus to various schools and colleges: Laddie Hyde, Wally Goodnow, Dick Thompson, Stu Tompkins and Spec Watson to Menlo; Gordie and John Campbell, Ted Leidig and Jack McFadden to Stanford; Tom Armstrong to Oregon; John Rockwell, Bob Drews, and Tom Warren to California; Stu Marble to Oakland High.

Miss Marion (Dot) Pinkham spent last week-end visiting the Piersons, at the Monterey Pre-

sidio, but also found time to run across the hill several times to see Carmel friends.

Mrs. Mather and son, John, have returned from a ten-day motor trip to Portland.

Laddie Hyde went to Los Angeles Thursday to play in the Menlo Junior College polo game, which was played during the week-end.

Will Frates, destined to be one of California's greatest artists, is expected as a week-end guest of the Bob Overlys.

"The Drunkard" at Hotel Del Monte Next Week

The hilarious production, "The Drunkard," comes to Hotel Del Monte for two nights next week, Wednesday and Thursday, April 11 and 12th. This is the same show that has kept Los Angeles convulsed for the past nine months. With "Blackie" O'Neal as Master of Ceremonies—what a joyfest it will be!

The presentation will be an innovation. It will be given in the Bali Room and tickets include admission to the show, the privilege of joining in the songs, FREE BEER and pretzels (all you can drink and eat, says the management) and a dance to follow. If that doesn't constitute a bargain in entertainment we have never heard of one.

From the interest being shown in this event Carmel people are advised to make reservations for tables right away. Your old friend "Doc" Staniford has the tickets.

Boxing at King City

The usual crowd of boxing enthusiasts is planning to go to King City next Tuesday night for the matches sponsored by Father Du Schene. The Carmel Athletic Club will be represented by two entries. Frank Dalton will mix with Ermon Goodman, of San Jose, in the bout for 147-pound boys. Bob Dalton and Manuel Caballo, in the 119-pound class

will tie up in what promises to be a fast mill. Other scheduled bouts are: Al Tyler vs. Kid Ales (145 pounds) and Doug Rogers vs. "Big Boy" Du Pont (175 pounds).

Father Du Schene's sponsorship is always assurance of good matches and the fans who make the trip will not be disappointed.

STATEMENT FROM MRS. LEVINSON

To the Electorate of the Sunset District:

May I take this opportunity to thank the voters of the Sunset School District for my majority in last Friday's election for school trustee? With the interest of Carmel's children paramount in my mind I accept gladly, willingly, the responsibility of the task before me, and shall give to its every problem the utmost deliberation of which I am capable. I see in my election no personal victory, but rather something fine and big, a good cause fairly won.

My task will perhaps be made more difficult by the fact that I

am stepping into a position held for the past eight years by a woman who cannot be replaced. Clara Kellogg's fine, open mind, impersonal attitude always, steadfastness under occasional great stress, utter selflessness, make her a very rare person indeed, and Sunset is losing a faithful, loyal trustee. Miss Kellogg is leaving us for a richly deserved vacation; may she return rested in mind and body, ready always to give us her friendship and counsel. Carmel needs Clara Kellogg.

Sincerely,
HELEN LEVINSON.

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C O R P .**

MONTEREY, CALIF.

Heard In The Barber Shop

"Who you going to vote for at the council election?" the front chair barber asked Bob Duriee as he rubbed Mah-Deen into the scalp of the old circus man and village wit. "I'll tell you *one* man I'm *not* goin' to vote for. That's Joe Burge, the flower-pot tosser."

Representing rival factions just before the close of the school trustee election, Louis Levinson and Joe Burge met. "Bet yuh \$150 to \$100 that Mrs. Smith wins," says Joe. Louis scratched his head. "There's no such bird as a sure thing," he said finally. "The way business is, I couldn't afford to lose. But I'll bet ten bucks against your seven and a half that my wife wins out with more than a hundred votes to spare." Joe grinned. "I'm on," he said, and fished in his pocket. The money of both men was put in an envelope and left with a stakeholder. Joe spent the next hour debating how he'd spend the ten. Mebbe he'd buy a

nice fountain pen for his friend, Clair Foster. The polls closed. The vote was counted. And as Louis collected and fingered the notes and silver, he said to the gang: "Sweetest bet I ever won." What are you going to buy, Louis?

"Since that knock in THE COTTAGER about the hair tonics," said the philosopher barber to the master craftsman in the front chair, "all I get orders for are rubs with Pinaud and Westphal. What are we goin' to do with all that Wildroot and Glover's stuff?" And answered the dimpled clipperman of the front chair: "Give 'em to the S. A. R. to rub on his dogs. It's about time they died."

A portly man waddled into Doc Staniford's drug-store and approached the perfume counter. He bought a bottle and emerged with lordly stride. "Who's that big guy?" a newcomer asked Bob Duriee. He thumbed toward the impressive looking gent. Bob had been watching and grinning. "That is F. P. Howard," he said, "can-

didate for the city council. He's just after buying a bottle o' Florida Water to spill over himself and get rid of the sanitary board odor."

Beauty-Beard Contest between Lincoln Steffens, Judge George Wood, and water-colorist Billy Silva. They're at the barrier. They're off Silva ahead. Steffy passes and takes the rail. Wood creeps up, passes Silva, neck and neck at the quarter pole. Silva plies whip. Wood leads by a length.

On the back stretch Silva tires and pulls up. Wood increases lead,

rounds turn and thunders down home stretch. Wins by five lengths! "Why did Wood win?" asked the portly barber. "He gets his beard trimmed by me," answered the boss as he ran his thumb over the spike razor he was stropping. "And how come Billy Silva loses?" asked an old inhabitant. The master barber swept the razor over the down and cream atop Ranny Co'burn's cheek. "He trims his own," he answered briefly.

"Next!"

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